

JACK~

THE

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JACK THE GIANT KILLER.



IN the reign of King Arthur, near to the Land's End of England, in the county of Cornwall, lived a worthy farmer, who had a son named Jack. He was brisk and ready wit, and what he could not perform by force, he completed by wit and policy; none could surpass him, for the very learned he baffled by his cunning and sharp inventions.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a Giant eighteen feet high, and about three yard, in circumference, of a fierce countenance, the terror of the neighbouring towns and villages. His habitation was in a cave in the midst of the mountains, and he would suffer no living thing to be near him.

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He fed on other people's cattle, and when he wanted food he waded over to the main land, where he helped himself to any thing he could find, the people all running away. He made nothing to carry over on his back half a dozen cows and oxen at once; as for ducks and geese, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of candles. This he practised for many years, so that a great part of the county of Cornwall was impoverished by him.

Jack undertook to destroy this monster; so furnishing himself with a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, over the mountains he went, in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, fell to work, and in the morning had dug a pit twenty feet deep, and almost as broad, covering it over with long sticks and straws, and strewing a little mould over it, it appeared like plain ground: then putting the horn to his mouth he blew tantivy; which noise awoke the giant, who came roaring towards Jack, crying out, "you incorrigible villain, you shall pay dearly for disturbing me, for I will broil you for my breakfast!" He had scarcely said this when he tumbled into the pit. O! Mr. Giant, says Jack, where are you now? What do you now think of having for breakfast? so saying, he struck him such a blow on the crown of his head, that he fell down dead to the bottom of the pit, and Jack shovelled the earth on him as he lay, and there left him.

When the Magistrates heard that Jack had destroyed this enormous Giant they were delighted, and declared that he should henceforth be called *Jack the Giant Killer*, and presented him with a superb sword and belt, upon which these words were written in letters of gold:—

Here's the valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the Giant Cormoran.

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over the western parts, and another Giant, named Blunderbore, who had heard of it, vowed to destroy him should he ever meet with him. This Giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lone wood.

About four months after as Jack was walking by the borders of a wood, on his journey into Wales, he grew weary, and sitting down by a well, fell asleep. A Giant coming for water, espied Jack, and seeing the gold letters on his belt, soon knew him. Overjoyed at his prize, he put him over his shoulder, to carry him to his castle. As he passed through a thicket the rustling of the trees woke poor Jack, who was not a little terrified at finding himself in the hands of a monstrous Giant, but more so on arriving at the castle, and seeing the mangled heaps of bodies and bones strewed about. The Giant took great pleasure in shewing him these things, telling him that human hearts were his favourite food; but he had no doubt Jack's would make him



relish for his breakfast. He then looked him in an upper room over the gateway, saying, he would fetch another Giant, a friend of his, to breakfast with him off poor Jack.

Jack was almost distracted; he ran to the window, and saw the two Giants coming towards the castle; now, quoth he, my death or deliverance is at hand. On looking round the room, he found some strong ropes, and making a running noose at one end, he put the other through a pulley which happened to be just over the window; while the Giants were unlocking the gate, Jack contrived to throw the noose over both their heads, and instantly pulling the rope, he managed, though he could not pull them off their feet, to choke them both. This was the hardest job he ever did for

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

6



the Giants kicked and spluttered at a rare rate but at length he was successful, and rejoiced at his deliverance. He then took the Giant's keys, and in searching about the castle, found three ladies tied by the hair of their heads, who told Jack the Giant had murdered their husbands. Jack released them, and told them he had killed the Giant, so giving them the keys, he departed very well pleased with the termination of this fearful adventure.

Jack having but little money, thought it prudent to travel hard; but losing his way he was benighted, and could find no place of entertainment, until coming to a valley between two hills, he found a very large house in a lonesome place, and being greatly in need of rest and refreshment, he took courage to knock at the gate, when, to his amaze-